

Tuesday Morning, 28th May, 1839.

I spent the morning yesterday, as before, at the Imperial Cabinet, and after dinner visited the Imperial Arsenal, a vast establishment, containing one of the largest armories in Europe, the long gallery contains 150,000 stands of arms, very beautifully arranged, a great store of ancient weapons, and an interesting series of suits of armor of the earlier Austrian Princes &c. - Also standards, horse-tails, and weapons conquered from the Turks. The great court-yard below is decorated with the enormous chain of 800 links which the Turks threw across the Danube at Ofen to obstruct the navigation of that river, in 1529. It is hung in festoons around the walls of the Court-yard. Here is an immense collection of Cannon, of all sorts. One piece taken from the Turks is 24 feet long and projects a ball of 124 lbs weight. From this I had a long walk into the suburbs, saw some pretty gardens and a few fine houses, but was for the most part disappointed. I returned, and after great difficulty found again the Reading-Room for which I have a ticket of admission, read two or three English papers, but found no news of any consequence, none whatever from home; returned fatigued and went to bed at once. Cuddeker has told me that he has heard of Mr. Brown's departure for America; if this be true you will see the great Botanicus Optimus, and find what a dry stick he is. I have been much occupied of late in contriving to shorten my journey to the best advantage; but I will not give you the particulars of my present plan, because a good portion of it must be consummated before I can despatch these sheets to you. It is cold here, and the Spring is not at all more advanced than in New York at this season; indeed I think it is more backward. To-day I am to visit the Gardens of Schoenbrunn, and that of Baron Angel also if we have time.

Vienna, 24th May, Friday evening.

Ever dear Friend

Glad am I to sit down once more and commence a sheet to you. The superscription tells you where I am, in this almost extra-European city, which seems much farther away from home than even Rome, and in truth I think it is. I have just returned from a Stationary-shop where I bought this paper, together with some to change the plates I have collected in Illyria. I asked for what I wished in French, and at length a clerk appeared who spoke that language, and soon discerning that this was not my native tongue he asked Vous etes Anglais? to which I incontinently replied yes; - but corrected myself and said American. Oh, c'est beaucoup plus loin! says he; - and I have ever since been thinking how very, very far distant it is, and how many a weary step I must take ere I see it and all that is dear to me.

My letters from Trieste, closed on Saturday night last, and given to the Captain of the Brig Edward bound for New York in a week or so, will inform you of my proceedings up to that time, and of my prospects about getting to Vienna. Perhaps, however this may reach you first, as the voyage from that port is a long one. Sunday was a most lovely day, and the sky so clear that I saw for the first time the immense Alps which approach closely the head of Adriatic Sea, their craggy summits white as the fleecy clouds with which they were commingled. I had lost this view both from Padua and Venice on account of the cloudy weather, and this was my last chance of seeing them. I attended church at the English Chapel, for there are English enough to support a considerable place of worship of their own; I heard a pretty good sermon; I was thankful to have the opportunity of hearing any at all. The great fête at the Grotto of Adelsberg, of which I wrote you was to take place on Monday afternoon, Mr. Phillips (the painter) and myself took a carriage to that place and arrived in good time, saw this very strange grotto with greater advantages and under more curious circumstances, I suspect, than was ever done by American before. I had all the next day before me, as the Coach from Trieste did not arrive till evening. My companion was taken somewhat ill and kept the house, while I took my post-folio and walked thro' the fields of this retired valley to a bold and high mountain-range, more dis-

=tant than I had calculated on, climbed the rocks with
much difficulty, enjoyed a charming prospect from the summit,
filled my portfolios with plants, got back about five o'clock
regularly tired and hungry, had just time to eat my dinner
and secure my specimens before the coach came from Trieste.
We took our places just at dusk (Tuesday Evening) have been
on the road day and night, stopping just long enough to take
our meals, until this morning, when at early daylight,
just as I opened my eyes from such deep as one might
catch after three consecutive nights of such confinement,
the vale of the Wien and the beautiful city of Vienna lay
before me, the green fields reaching up to the very houses
gates. It was a lovely sight. I have never seen the like.
It began raining very soon, however, and has rained all day,
so that I have seen little. Philip, who understands German
has been confined to his room by illness - But as soon as
I got my breakfast and was fairly fixed in my lodgings, which
we found as difficult to get as if we were at New York at this
season (I am at the Gasthof, Zur Dreyfaltigkeit, and
the head waiter speaks French, a good and cheap house)
I took a guide to direct me to the Joseph Platz, where
the Imperial Library and Cabinet is, to find Endlicher.
I found the man in his den, and the moment I put
my letters into his hand he recognized Bentham's writing
and addressed me by name. Bentham having apprized
him of my intended visit. Endlicher received me very cordially
and I remained with him till two o'clock. He is extremely good-looking
and younger even in appearance than I expected, although Bentham
told me he was about his own age & he looks about 33. It was the
pleasure to present in person the copy of Flora designed for him.
The usual dinner-hour here is from 12 to 3. The common
people dine at 12, the gentry from 2 to 4, the Imperial
family setting a good example by dining between one and two.
After dinner I went to the Police-office to procure the
necessary leave to remain here for a week or so, answered all
the questions which are put in such cases to the Traveller, such
as where I stopped, how long I intended to stay, what my business
was, produced my letter of Credit, in order to show that I was
not like to run away with unpaid bills, which is said to be
to ascertain this point is said to be the chief object of all this
enquiry. When you arrive at any hotel and remain over
night, you are presented with a blank formula comprising still
more particular enquiries, which you are required to fill up, and

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it is sent to the police-office. You give first your name, then your country, age, religion, occupation, state whether you are married or not! whether you are travelling alone or in company, where you came from last; your probable stay; whether you have letters of credit or not, with some other equally particular enquiries! I went next to my bankers, found no letters! I drew some money, and obtained a ticket of admission to a commercial Reading-Room, which is well supplied with English and French Newspapers. Here I stayed until sun-set, reading up my English news, in which I had got far behind, and which on the present occasion I found very interesting. I gleaned occasionally a little news from home, but vaguely. The information seemed in general satisfactory, but one letter from home were worth it all!

I have this evening changed the plants I have drying, and have taken care of my companion Philip who is quite sick with the fatigue of his journey and so forth. I have endured it very well, but must get into bed. Not having had my clothes off for three nights in succession, nor enjoyed rational sleep. I wonder much that I am not more fatigued. Endlicher asked me to go to the Opera this evening, where there is some especially fine music, as he says, but I declined, telling him that under present circumstances I should sleep this the finest music in the world. I suppose it would be perfectly impossible to make him understand how one could have any scruples against this amusement.

Saturday, 25th May, 1829.

I went early this morning to the Imperial Cabinet, remained there until two, when the rooms are closed. After dinner I explored about the city until sunset, ~~visited~~ many of the public buildings, the gardens &c. I understand the localities of the town proper very well. The city itself is not large; the strong walls that enclose it are still kept up, and immediately outside of this there is a large open space, planted with trees and laid out into roads and walks (the Prater). Beyond this are the Faubourgs or suburbs, large many times than the city itself, very pleasant, but rather inconvenient to reach. Most of the public buildings, the shops &c. - are in the city itself. I went to see the fine old gothic cathedral of St. Stephen's. It is a very old, and exceedingly fine large building, but the roof is very awkward. The spire is the finest thing I ever saw. In

the way of Gothic architecture. It is 465 feet high, and is the very poetry of steeples. I intend to climb to the top presently. I passed by the Imperial Palace, which has not a very imposing exterior, and spent some time in the Volksgarten which is about as large as the Battery, and laid out in the same way but more shady; it has two pretty Coffee-houses, and in a little pavillion before each a band of music is stationed in the evening, for the amusement of the hundreds of people who lounge on the walks or take their coffee or ice-cream on little tables in the open air. Tho' it was not yet evening I heard some very fine music from a large band. I looked into some other churches; that of the Augustines for one, and saw the monument by Canova of the Archduchess Christina, with the groups of statuary, which are very pretty. I forgot to mention the group of Theseus slaying the Centaur by Canova, which occupies a house in the Volksgarten built in imitation of the Temple of Theseus at Athens. I walked around a good part of the city on the walls which afford a broad and convenient promenade and give you good views of the city within and the suburbs without. After this I strolled through the streets, looked at the shops &c until it was dark, and spent the evening at home.

Monday Morning, 27th May.

I find we are in a different climate from Italy. It has been cold ever since my arrival here, the first day was rainy, and yesterday it rained from morning to night and was very cold and unpleasant, so of course I kept my room nearly all day. I had also to take care of Mr. Philip, whose indisposition has turned into an intermittent fever, such as he has been subject to at Rome. It is a most distressing thing to be sick in a strange land, and I cannot be too grateful for the uninterrupted good health I have enjoyed ever since I left you.

I have deferred telling you any thing about the grotto of Adelsberg, on account of the great difficulty I find in conveying any idea of it. It is without doubt the most wonderful thing of its kind in the world.

Adelsberg itself is a little German village perched under a steep conical hill which is crowned with the ruins of an old castle; it is at one border of a circular plain, several

miles in extent, dotted here and there with little hamlets, and surrounded with mountains, so that it is like a large basin, and seems wholly shut out from the rest of the world. It is so still and quiet that it would do very well for the valley of Rassau, but the mountains do not form precipices except on one side, where they are accessible at a few points only, and these with much difficulty as I had occasion to know. The streams that come down from the mountains unite to form a little river, perhaps nearly twice the size of Fishkill creek; and this after running about the valley and seeking an outlet in vain, at length in despair, as it seems, dives into the solid rock at the foot of the range of hills near the village. The entrance for visitors is a small hole above this, which opens into a long gallery, perhaps two hundred yards in extent. From this you descend into a vast hall, called the Dome, more than one hundred feet high and 3 or 4 hundred feet in length. As you descend you hear the roar of the waters confined in their deep prison-house, and at the bottom you meet the river which rushes swiftly to the distant extremity of the hall and there sinks into the dark depths. Instead of a stupid monument and inscription by the late Emperor placed above this, it would have been much better taste to have placed in the stream a piece of statuary representing Charon and his boat, for never was seen so perfect a beau-ideal of the fabled river Styx. This is the last you see of the river Poik; but the Urta, which bursts forth a large stream from the rocks at Planina is believed to be the same. The river is crossed by a bridge

Obitatus Vestitus. I left this account of
the Adelsberg letters and my journey through Styria and Tyrol for
the first convenient opportunity: - a time that never comes; or when
I must find as it is. The ghetto is wonderful poor all descriptions
and our visit was very unfortunate; the whole seems not to be forgotten.

No record in at a castle; it is at a deep com-